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Chapter 1 by Isaac Clark

I am lost. My people have forsaken me, as I have attempted to forsake them. I can not let go of my past. My mind is numb. My hands are numb, too. My face is numb, my feet are numb, and my eyes are blind.

No. Not blind. I am in darkness. I can see faint shadows of crates and dust flitting through the stale, empty air. My senses are beginning to clear, and I am wondering what I am doing in this ... this place. It is the most basic and primitive of questions that mankind can pose. What am I doing here? However, this is not as philosophically complex a question as that of my ancestors. I know how I got here. I have the advantage of memory. I must remember. I must remember.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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